

# Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

VOL. XVI.

STANFORD, KY., TUESDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1887.

NO. 287.

LATEST TELEGRAPH DISPATCHES.

## ALMOST ANOTHER TRAGEDY!

### A LIGHTNING EXPRESS TRAIN!

Could not Tumble Down from a Fifty-foot Embankment with More Rapidity than the Prices have Tumbled at the

### HOUSE OF D. KLASS,

Since the Announcement of CLOSING OUT STOCK on account of change of business by January 1st, 1888. While Competitors may wonder, study and dislike this FORCED SALE, the people will have the benefit of buying goods for a song. Bear in mind that every article in the entire stock at cost, and not so-called cost, but actual cost, and that at such slaughtering prices. CASH only buys the goods. No credit; no Charges made during this FORCED SALE. Do not lose time; buy while the stock is not broken.

D. KLASS.

GEORGE O. BARNES

GOD IS LOVE AND NOTHING ELSE

#### PRaise THE LORD.

ABERDEEN, MISS., Nov. 28, 1887.

DEAR INTERIOR:—The *Centinel* *Centinel* failed me for a few days and my pen has been laid by till this 10th day since the date of my last. Let us bring up this decade of days.

Aberdeen is reached from Tupelo via the M. & O. to Muldon Junction; thence by an 8-mile branch connecting the city with the main artery of trade and travel. By the 1st of January another short branch of 12 miles will tap the K. C. M. & B. so that there will be a choice of exits and entrances. We were from 12:30 till 9:30 making this less than 50 miles. So much for "the commodious" train, which, in the language of hyperbole used by our old friend "Nath," would be "over-hot leading a snail to water." We pretty well knew what to expect when we started out and were well provided with that antidote to weariness—"something to read." But when daylight gave out and we found ourselves at Muldon Junction waiting for another accommodation that had failed to connect, in consequence of a broken down engine, a telegram from Aberdeen informing us that it was in the shop being hastily repaired, but no certainty as to when it would be finished, we were rather nonplussed. However, we attended to the first thing first—made application to one of the three householders at Muldon for supper; and pending the cooking of it made one or two pleasant acquaintances. We had, after eating, just settled ourselves at the station waiting room for a patient tarrying when the glad sound of our locomotive's whistle was heard on the "Branch" and our accommodation No. 2 came thundering down the track. There was much backward and forward shunting of freight cars; much shouting in the darkness and waving of lanterns; and then our return train was "made up" and we were off to Aberdeen.

Our good friend Gen. Finley had left a trusty person to see us safely to our boarding house, having himself been at the station to welcome us, at the scheduled hour; but learning the uncertainty of the train's arrival had gone back to his hotel. We were soon in comfortable apartments and went promptly to bed. I may just say that the engine on the Branch don't break down every day, and our long detention was rather exceptional. Still Muldon Junction is not without its terrors for the general traveling public, as a place of frequent, weary waiting. Aberdeen is also the terminus of a branch of the Illinois Central, which, crossing the M. & O. at West Point, runs on past our dear old Koeleuco and joins the parent road at Durant. So much and too much for the geography of our position.

In olden times this little city did all its trading with Mobile, by way of the Tombigbee, which runs, a black and milky stream, between high banks, just outside the town. This now almost deserted water way has seen the day when 20 goodly steam boats at a time thrust their noses into her sandy bays, waiting for their loads of cotton. Aberdeen, for long, has been a good inland market for the reigning staple; and all the way from 25,000 to 30,000 are annually bought and sold at this point.

A struggling, rather untidy place it is, with pretty villas and cottages fringing the suburbs in every direction, and occasionally one of the old-fashioned ante bellum mansions of the Southern "quality," with stately Corinthian columns running to the eaves and inner balconies at the tall 21-story windows and central door. I like them much, with their roomy, hospitable look; but they are regular women killers, and need the abundant "help" of a vanished regime to keep them up. So they will have to go, with all the rest, that old folks of this latitude find it hard to relinquish

and the "New South" will have to adapt its home architecture to the altered circumstances.

Aberdeen, too, is famous for its artesian wells. Not to speak of one of wondrous flow at the Illinois Central work-shops, which spouts an apocryphal number of gallons per hour, there are no less than four of inferior volume, dotting the main street at regular intervals, gushing crystal, by day and night and utterly unaffected by drought of any character, however severe and disastrous to minor sources of water supply. What a type of a consistent Christian! Not an intermittent spring or unreliable geyser, at one moment going up in a spout of zeal and the next as dry as dust; nor yet a stream whose sources wilt and grow feeble when the sun beats fiercely and long; nor even the abundant well, whose otherwise treasures must be painfully lifted to be enjoyed; but the ceaseless flow, as "steadfast as the stars," from a fountain that never runs dry, and never disappoints, come when we may. Dear God, by Thy sweet grace make us an "artesian" Christian evermore! Amen!

Beside the flowing fountains, the town authorities have dug great tanks or uncovered cisterns, where the water is gathered, in part, for other uses—extinguishing fires, sprinkling, house-cleaning, stock watering, &c. A capital idea.

Our boarding-house is occupied chiefly by clerks from the various business houses; rather a jolly lot, incessantly "chaffing" each other and not troubled with haughtiness. Some of them very gentlemanly and attractive. We have about 20 altogether, and they make things lively about feeding time, I assure you. We enjoy it hugely, for a variety. Some of them attend the meetings, and more would, but they are worked half to death just now, it being the busiest season of the whole year.

For King Cotton is making his triumphal entry into all the towns and cities of his dominion. Men bow down and worship as he comes. His retinue is endless. The *corps de Afrique* forms his body guard; mules *ad infinitum* are his beasts of burden; the "city fathers" with ostentatious loyalty go forth to meet him, lay the keys of authority at his feet and swear undying fealty; when he lifts his head they shout for joy; when his royal cranium droops, they beat their breasts for grief. He keeps "bulls" and "hears" to enliven his court with their antics; and altogether, is a jovial old tyrant, who enriches his favorites and consigns his other kind to dungeons and heart-break; very much like other jolly tyrants, the world over.

If men will, like Israel of old, have a king, other than the LORD, I don't know but what King Cotton is as respectable a one as they could choose. I know he is a long way better than King Alcohol and others I wot of.

As I see the long rows of bales at the various "sheds" here; the well known pick of the cotton-seeder; recognize the perspiring smelter, with his long gimlet searching for the "true inwardness" of the staple, whether it be "false-packed" or no; and mark the lines of drays, each with the orthodox 5-bale load, wending their way to the compress; I am vividly borne back 40 years to the time when I was a clerk in a cotton house in Savannah, Georgia, doing the very work—classifying, marking, weighing, shipping; scorched by a burning sun; sweltering under the high bluff of the river, where the four story warehouses shot off every breath of air; in the never-to-be-forgotten days when "Jupiter," a comely mulatto, was one sampler; and Cornelius—blackest of niggers—was the other; and Jim Riley, our Irish drayman and factotum, patient in labor and quick, like his race, in repartee. How it all comes back to me! My first "boss" was high-tempered and imperious—a terror to his clerks—though a good-hearted sort of man when you got under the crust. My second treated me with great kindness and altho' sorely put out when I left him to become a

preacher, was generous to the last and dismissed me with best wishes and a full purse. I wonder if it had anything to do with his after prosperity. I like to think it. I was nothing to him, but he was good to me, a stranger in a strange land. I heard that he died, in a good old age, a millionaire. He deserved success, God bless him.

A good many thousands of these lumbering heels of cotton I have handled in my time; and how familiarly the words I hear every day sound to me. I think I could discriminate yet between "midding," "good midding," "fair" and "midding fair" as in the old shipping days.

Aberdeen, on Saturday, is a "sight." All Africa breaks loose. Male and female, old and young, little and big, swarm into town, some to do their weekly shopping; some to gossip; all to see and be seen. Such eccentricities of head gear and clothing; such rollicking good fellowship all around; such explosions of roaring laughter on every hand, one would think a circus, at least had come to town; or that a "festible" was in progress; or some other extraordinary occasion had brought them out. None of these. It is the normal Saturday afternoon of Aberdeen.

I am grieved to add, the old town is drowned in strong drink. Saloons every few steps. But the new law keeps things in wonderful order, considering the temptations to riot; and one sees little drunkenness on the streets.

Our meetings are held in the court house, which has a very spacious audience hall, with a capacity of 1,000. I should say. Circuit Court is in session and will outlast the meeting or close at about the same time—next Friday. Every courtesy is shown us by the officers of Court and the bar is in attendance, as the busy lawyers can find time to come.

Child weather? Don't mention it! Here am I in latitude 33°—something—actually crouching in front of a blazing coal fire for warmth, with fingers so numb with cold that I write as if cramped, and the outside world frozen stiff. What it is in less favored climes I shudder to think. And this just after Thanksgiving! What will it be by Christmas? I hear of damage by freezing to the gathered sugar cane in Terre Bonne to the extent of 15 and 20 per cent, which is unexampled for this end of the grinding season. Who can doubt the devil being at the helm after this awful drought, and now this untimely freeze; or that he is trying to wreck this poor world by thus alternately steering it from arctic to torrid? Or who, in his senses, will not cry out for the Heavenly Pilot to come back and save us from impending ruin?

Come, dear LORD JESUS, come back! "Out of the ether the LORD brings me; out of the strong sweetness." The early frost will "work together for good" to kill the yellow fever in Florida. Praise the LORD for this mercy drop in the cup of bitterness and loss. Thank God, there is enough of faith left on earth to keep the whole establishment from going to instant decay and rotteness. Little does the poor world know to whom, under God, it is indebted for temporary, semi-security. It knows not its earthly Saviors, because it knew not its heavenly Savior, when He was here. One day the curtain will lift and all shall be known—"the rest of earth"; "the light of the world," as well as the "god of this age;" and "the prince of the power of the air." God help us all! What a befogged set we are!—There is nothing like printer's ink after all George has come up with those wraps! She left them in Somerset, which happened to be the only possible place to which she had not written about them. Of course. What a devil he is at worrying people in a small way, as well as crushing planets!

Geo. O. BARNES.

One of our best farmers yesterday remarked to a reporter than in nine cases out of ten Genter's Chicken Cholera Cure will stop that dreaded disease. It is warranted to cure. Sold by McRobbie & Stagg, 21

#### GARRARD COUNTY DEPARTMENT.

Lancaster.

—Mr. Harrison Hiatt, an aged gentleman of this county, was buried here on Friday.

—The new firm of Lillard & Elkin is through invoicing and is ready for business.

—Town Marshal Robert Hamilton had a lively and exciting chase after a man who fired a pistol on the streets the other night. He caught him at the toll gate and returned with him in triumph.

—Sam Harris denies the charge that he sleeps during business hours. He says he is as willing to gobble up a nimble shilling as anybody and that the rattle of a standard dollar will make him leap like a young panther.

—Mr. A. H. Lefevre, of Cincinnati, spent Sunday in town. Miss Jennie Moore, of Lower Garrard, is visiting Miss Mamie Curry. Uncle Billy Noel is a little better than last week. The semi-monthly meeting of the Children's Missionary Society was held at the Christian church on Sunday afternoon.

—HOLIDAY OPENINGS.—On December 7th, as usual, I will have my annual Holiday opening. Larger stock of Plush and Fancy Goods, endless variety of books from 10c to \$10 each and large stock of Diamonds, Jewelry, &c., at lower prices than can be bought elsewhere. J. C. Thompson, Lancaster.

—The entertainment at Mr. Alex. Denny's, to the Lancaster Social Club, was up fully to and even surpassed the fondest expectations. The universal verdict was, "It was one of the nicest affairs yet." Mrs. Denny and her two handsome daughters did the honors of the event and that accounts for the elegance of the affair. Your correspondent was not forgotten and acknowledged with thanks the reception of some of the good things of the occasion.

—Well, I am glad to find you awake," said a lady on entering the store of G. D. Burdett & Co., the other day. "I must tell you the joke," she said. "A lady friend of mine told me that she loved to come to your store, but she always found you or your clerks asleep." In reply to this charge we will say that ourselves and our clerk have awakened from our Rip Van Winkle lethargy and are fresh and eager to show our wares and sell cheap for cash. Reapt, G. D. Burdett & Co.

BABY BINDLEY.—The Little Rock Gazette says Miss Bindley and her troupe, which recently played there, "kept the audience in hearty good humor all the evening. Miss Bindley sings nicely, dances splendidly, and is cute and catching in every bit of her acting. She is an excellent musician, as her performance in the last act demonstrated. Her costumes were very pretty and neat, and her graceful dances took the house by storm. Too much can not be said in praise of the acting of Mr. Turner, as Dr. Knobs. In his part was concentrated the drollery of the play, and he gave entire satisfaction in his performance of a difficult role." At Walton's Opera House next Friday, 9th.

"Oh! Farmer Robinson, you are just the man I want to see. How's cider this year?" "Well, I ain't makin' no cider this year. It's against my prohibition principles." "But I've always depended on you for a supply." "That's all right. Neighbor Jones is grinding my apples to hairee this year. His mill is a better one than mine, anyhow. You want 'bout two barrels this year?"

There is one thing the Legislature can very easily do this winter. That is to provide for the monthly payment of common school teachers, thus protecting this poorly remunerated class from the money-lending sharks who make a living by shaving their claims for them.—[Owensboro Messenger.

—Winchester is putting \$2,010 worth of repairs on her court-house.

#### HUSTONVILLE, LINCOLN COUNTY.

—Our postoffice has been removed to the former Crow property on the Danville street.

—Elder John I. Rogers was called away from his meeting here, on Friday night, to attend the funeral of his father.

—I was deeply interested in the lively appearance of Friday's issue of the INTERIOR JOURNAL and especially in the graphic and pathetic editorial setting forth the vicissitudes attending the planting and training of the monster press. Well as I know the indomitable patience, the imperturbable coolness and the unassuming piety of the proprietor, I nevertheless feel warranted in declaring that I am glad I was not there. Please record me as ready to sign a petition for a pension for Keller.

—Mrs. George Alford is in a critical condition from cancer. J. R. Napier was standing on the railroad track at Moreland, a few days since, when a supercilious train insisted on the right of way. Jim claimed on the plea of possession, but as the train continued to advance, he magnanimously yielded his right, just as the cow catcher was about to undermine his pedestal. This was better than a post mortem suit for damages. Dr. Brown is at present the victim of rheumatism; let M. C. Sander be careful; there is a retribution in this thing.

—Nearly all the schools in the county have closed out. The unusually fine weather has been a striking illustration of the proverb about "tempering the wind to the shorn lamb." After close examination it is my candid conviction that earth has nothing so tedious of life, nor so addicted to outliving its usefulness, as a country school house. The great majority of ours are, not strictly standing, but a tottering disgrace to the county. Yet with this ever-varying disadvantage we have had during the year better teachers, better schools and better work than formerly. A few districts have caught the spirit of improvement and erected and furnished houses worthy a christian people. With the permission of the editor I propose to furnish some list of those who have put forth noble efforts, also those who seem to be simply trusting to Providence, and also those who seem to be letting the whole thing go—well, I don't know to whom! The question of education is becoming the live question of the day in Kentucky. It is exciting more attention now than at any former period. Let no scold, however, insinuate that because the next State Teachers' Association is to be held at the Mammoth Cave, that we are running the thing into the ground.

—A peculiarly horrible tragedy is reported from Burlington, S. C. Fred Edwards got mad with his wife for interfering while he was punishing one of the children when he knocked her down and beat her. Their 15-year-old son tried to stop him but he threw an ax at the boy and continued to beat the woman. The boy then fired at his father, but the discharge took effect in the bowels of his mother instead, and she died in half an hour, exonerating her son with her last breath.

—Mrs. Nellie Wetherel, the actress, has had a foot amputated in New York. The surgical operation was rendered necessary by the formation of a cancer caused by a careless attempt to remove a bunion from her heel three years ago.

—At Scranton, Pa., Mrs. John Evans chopped her five-year-old child's head to pieces with a hatchet, afterwards attempting to kill her little daughter, only being prevented by the timely arrival of her neighbors.

Nearly a thousand millions of the human race are yet without the Gospel; vast districts are wholly unoccupied. So few are the laborers that, if equally dividing responsibility, each must care for one thousand souls. And yet there is abundance of both men and means in the church to give the Gospel to every living soul before this century closes.—[Christian Advocate.

PROHIBITION AND TEMPERANCE.—The ultimate result of the recent elections in Atlanta will probably be a gain to the cause of temperance. For two years past a prohibitory law has been in force in that city and it has proved a failure. It was carried out according not only to the letter of the law, but to the spirit of those who instigated it, and yet drunkenness was not prevented. It was impossible to obtain wine even for sacramental or medical purposes without violating the law, but large quantities of liquor were brought in every day from neighboring towns and surreptitiously sold.—[Boston Post.

The use of oil by vessels at sea for soothing the waves in time of storm, appears to be on the point of very extended and practical application. "Sea breakers," appliances for the distribution of the oil have been patented both at home and abroad, which are used by cattle carrying steamers and some other vessels, while a special oil is now manufactured for the purpose.

The forest lands of the United States, excluding Alaska, embrace 500,000,000 acres, or 28 per cent. of the entire area. The farmers own about 38 per cent. of the forest area, or some 185,000,000 acres. The rest is owned by railroad operations, mine owners, charcoal burners, tanneries, lumbermen and speculators.

The callous philosopher who has never experienced the joy a man feels when he tries to kiss a girl in the dark and gets stabbed in the eye with her nose has no business to express an opinion about kissing! Are our mouths merely holes for pierce? We think not.—[Truth.

The world's supply of red cedar used in the manufacture of lead pencils is derived from the swamps of Cedar Key, Fla. The product of the mills there is shipped not only to Northern but to European factories. The industry gives employment to hundreds of operatives.

A lady in Dalton, Ga., is the possessor of a breastpin containing a lock of hair which grew on Washington's head. There are so many locks of Washington's hair still in existence that it is not surprising that all his portraits show him wearing a powdered wig.

A Boston man who makes raspberry jam for a living is authority for the statement that "we don't use any raspberries at all in making the jam." What he does use, it appears, are tomatoes, glucose, hayseed and "a little prepared raspberry flavor."

Old Lady (on her way to church).—"Do you not know, little boys, that it is wicked to play ball on Sunday?" Little Boy—"We ain't playin'; we're only practicin' for ter-morrow's game."—[New York Sun.

#### Buckley's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price, 25 cents per box. For sale by A. R. Penny, Stanford, Ky.

#### Wonderful Cures.

W. D. Hoyt & Co., Wholesale and Retail Druggists, Rome, Ga., say: We have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery, Electric Bitters and Buckley's Arnica Salve for four years. Have never handled remedies that sell as well, or give such universal satisfaction. There have been some wonderful cures effected by these medicines in this city. Several cases of pronounced consumption have been entirely cured by use of a few bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery, taken in connection with Electric Bitters. We guarantee them always. Sold by A. R. Penny, Stanford, Ky.

#### Personal.

Mr. N. H. Frohlichstein, of Mobile, Ala., writes: I take great pleasure in recommending Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, having used it for a severe attack of Bronchitis and Catarrh. It gave me instant relief and entirely cured me and I have not been afflicted since. I also beg to state that I had tried other remedies with no good result. Have also used Electric Bitters and Dr. King's New Life Pills, both of which I can recommend.

Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds is sold on a positive guarantee. Trial bottle at A. R. Penny's Drug Store.











